

The Ewie wi' the crooked Horn's

58

GARLAND,

Containing Four excellent

NEW SONGS.

1. Ewie wi' the crooked Horn.
2. Sailor's return to his Sweetheart.
3. The Keeper.
4. Molly the Rover.



Licensed and Enter'd according to order.

The Ewie wi' the crooked Horn.

O Were I able to rehearse,
 My Ewie's praise in proper verse,
 I'd sound it out as loud and fierce,
 As ever piper's drone could blaw.

The Ewie w' the crooked horn,
 Wha' had kent her could ha' sworn,
 Sic a Ewie ne'er was born,
 Here about nor far awa' 

She never needed tar nor keel,
 To mark her upon hip or heel,
 Her crooked horn did as weel,

To ken her by amo' them a'
 She never threatn'd scab nor rot,
 But keeped ay her ain jog trot,
 Baith to the fauld and to the cot,
 Was never sweer to lead or ca',
 Baith to the fauld, &c.

Could nor hunger never dang her,
 Wind or rain could never wrang her,
 Anes she lay on an oak and langer,
 Forth aneath a wreath of snaw.

When other Ewies lap the dyke,
 And eat the kail for a' the tyke,
 My Ewie never play'd the like,
 But ting'd about the barn awa'.
 My Ewie never, &c.

A better nor a thriftier beast,
 Nae honest man could weel ha wist,
 For silly thing the never mist,

To had ilk year a lamb or twa.

The first she had I gae to Jock,
 To be to him a kind of stock,
 And now my laddie has a flock,

Of mair than thretty head or twa,

And now my laddie, &c.

I looked ay at even for her,
 Lest mischanter shou'd come o'er her,
 Or the fumart might devour her,

If the beast had bade awa'.

The Ewie wi' the crooked horn,
 Well deserv'd baith grass and corn,
 Sic a Ewie ne'er was born,

Here about nor far awa'.

Yet last owk for aw' my keeping,
 Wha can speak it, without weeping,
 A villain came when I was sleeping,

And stole my Ewie, horn, and a'.

I sought for her upon the morn,
 And down beneath a bushy thorn,
 I got my Ewie's crooked horn,

But my Ewie was awa'.

I got, &c.

But gin I had the loon that did it,
 I have sworn as well as said it,
 If a' the world had forbid it,

I should gie his craig a thraw.
 I never met wi' sic a turn,
 As this, since ever I was born,
 My Ewie wi' the crooked horn,
 Silly Ewie stown awa',
 My Ewie, &c.

O had she died of crook or cauld,
 As Ewies die when they grow auld,
 It wad na been sae mony fauld,
 Sae fair a heart to nane o' us a',
 For a' the claith that we ha'e worn,
 Frae her and her's sae often shorn,
 The loss of her we could ha' born,
 Had fair strae death ta'en her awa',
 The loss of her, &c.

But this poor thing to loose her life,
 Aneath a villain's greedy knife,
 I'm really fear'd that our good wife,
 Sall never win aboon't a',
 O all ye bards aneath Kinghorn,
 Call your muses up and mourn,
 Our Ewie wi' the crooked horn,
 Is stown frae us and sell'd awa',
 Our Ewie, &c.

The Sailor's return to his Sweetheart.

HARK, how the wars call me away,
 My dearest dear, I dare not stay,
 For I am going to fight proud Spain,
 Altho' I leave thee love I dont complain.

Dearest Johnny say not so,
 I never can yield to let you go,
 For if in the wars you should be slain,
 I should never, no, no, never,
 See my dear jewel again.

Take me on board, my dear, said she,
 Right well contented would I be,
 Nor storms nor dangers would I fear,
 But I would enter, boldy venture,
 Into strong battles with you my dear.

Amorous Molly charming and fair,
 To hear you talk so I cannot bear,
 For women in wars they frighted will be,
 I am in hopes love, I will return,
 In great joy and kindness, my dear to thee.

When the wars are all over and all at peace,
 I hope great joys it will increase,
 Then I will return to my turtle dove,
 With great pleasure out of measure,
 Telling such prating tales of love.

The KEEPER.

THERE was a keeper a shooting did go,
 And under his cloak he carried a bow,
 'Twas all for to shoot the merry doe,
 Among the leaves so green O,

Jacky, master, sing you well,
 Very well, with my hy, down, down,
 With my how down, down, &c.

The first doe he shot at he mis'd,
 The second doe he hugged and kist,
 The the third doe went where nobody wist,
 'Twas among the leaves so green O,
 Jacky, master, sing you well.

The fourth doe jumped over a brook,
 The keeper catched hold fast with his hook,
 What he did there you may go and look,
 'Twas among the leaves so green O,
 Jacky, master, sing you well, &c.

The fifth doe jumped over a stile,
 The keeper catch'd her fast by the heel,
 There I believe he did both see and feel,
 'Twas among the leaves so green O,

Jacky master sing you well, &c.

The sixth doe run over the plain,
 But he with his hounds did turn her again,
 Its there he did tickle her in the merry vein,
 'Twas among the leaves so green O,

MOLLY THE ROVER.

THESE fifteen years a maid I've been,
 They call me Molly Rover,
 But over the hills I will go this day,
 To follow my jolly soldier.

Roundie doundie, &c.

My person it became a weed,
 It grows upon yon border,
 And carefully I did it keep,
 And gave it to my soldier.

Roundie doundie, &c.

Fain would I kiss thy rosy lips,
 It would make me look the bolder,
 O no, O no my mother says,
 You must not kiss with a soldier.

Roundie doundie, &c.

My sister Jane she loves the wheel,
 She bade me mind my spinning,
 Or how could I get married,
 Who had neither gowns nor linen,

Roundie doundie, &c.

I broke my wheel, I burnt my reel,
 I dang all things out of order,
 I kilt my coats above my knee,
 And follow my jolly soldier.

Roundie doundie, &c.

I followed him from Glasgow town,

From Glasgow town to Stirling,

And there he got his will of me,

I followed him to Dumferline,

Roundie doundie, &c.

My brother said he would take me home,

And clad me like a lady.

But I thought long to try the game,

And would not obey my daddy,

Roundie doundie, &c.

With heart and hand I gave my mind,

And played Moll the Rover,

But in a crack my mother spoke,

And dang all things out of order,

Roundie doundie, &c.

Its over hills and over dales,

And over dykes and ditches,

I think my ladie got a fright,

Before he got from their clutches.

Roundie doundie, &c.

My father he did me pursue

My sister and my brother, 10 JU 52

But long before they got to me,

I was with my jolly foldier,

To my roundie. doundie, &c.

FINIS.